

# The World

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## ON WITH THE GOOD FIGHT.

The Assembly did nobly. The autocrats were put to rout. The People's Cause was all potent. Old-fashioned Justice had her fling. Like mist before the morning sun was swept away for the time the bureaucratic opposition to the Children's bill. It passed a third reading, and its final passage in the Assembly is assured.

But there's the Senate! The lobbying methods of the Bureaucrats, desperate in their efforts to retain their autocratic power, will be employed strenuously to blockade the righteous reform. And the Bureaucrats, led by Mr. ELBRIDGE T. GERRY, are indeed formidable. They have wealth, social standing, prejudice and organization behind them.

But there is one backer they conspicuously lack. And that is Justice. She is whole-souled on the side of the Children's bill.

And with Justice for an ally in the People's Cause there's no such word as "fail" in THE EVENING WORLD'S vocabulary.

## NO LICENSE FOR STEIN.

The promptness with which Mayor GRANT has refused a license to the concert hall, where death didn't even interrupt the Sunday evening orgy, is exceedingly refreshing. "You can get no license from me," said the Mayor, sharply.

But of what use would a license be to STEIN? He found no difficulty in arranging matters so that he could run his dive without one!

## CASPER FROST'S ASSAULT INDICTED.

The indictment found by the Grand Jury against Policeman PATRICK LAVIN for causing the death of CASPER FROST is abundantly warranted by the undisputed facts of the case. Whether or not it would have been found had THE EVENING WORLD not repeatedly called public attention to the outrageous management of the inquest on FROST's body and to the brutality of LAVIN's treatment of the unfortunate German is another question that the public can readily decide.

There is now a fair chance of justice being meted out in a case conspicuous so far for the lack of justice. A friendless janitor has as much the right to life as a coupon-clipper. And the suspicion "doing to death" of a poor man is as much the proper subject of rigid investigation as the murder of a millionaire.

## MAKE AN EXAMPLE OF ABDUCTORS.

When JAMES BROWNS is brought for sentence before Recorder SMYTH on Friday morning there are certain features of his offense which that vigilant Judge will doubtless bear in mind.

Browns has pleaded guilty to assault in the second degree. THE EVENING WORLD, at the time his crime was committed, called particular attention to his heinous character.

After abducting a thirteen-year-old girl Browns abandoned her in a notorious Sixth avenue resort, which is shielded under the name of a "hotel," and where he was permitted to "register" with this child.

That the authorities tolerate the existence of such places as the St. Omer "hotel" is no palliation of the enormity of BROWNS' conduct. The children of New York must be protected against libertines who pass as respectable business men.

It is necessary at times for Justice to make an example.

## "A Righteous Measure."

(Quoted by Our External Correspondent This Morning.)

After a really brilliant debate in the Assembly, THE EVENING WORLD'S bill, giving a right of appeal in cases of the commitment of children to the care of charitable and benevolent societies, was ordered to a third reading by an overwhelming majority. It is strange that the organized societies should have made any opposition to this righteous measure. It is, as THE WORLD'S plucky and energetic action declares, "better that the autocratic privileges of ninety and nine bureaucratic societies should be reasonably abridged than that the rights of a single helpless infant should be strangled in Charity's red-tape." The right of appeal is too sacred to be denied even to children.

## A Man of Good Family.

(From the Washington Critic.)

Young Man (haughtily to old man)—No, sir, I have no references. I belong to the famous Key family, of Massachusetts, sir, and that is enough.

Old Man (bluntly)—Any relation to the Money and the Whis-Key and the Don-Key families?

NOVELL'S TERTING GORDIAL at 25 cents a bottle will give relief to infants' colic. Try it.

## MUNDANE MATTERS.

"Curfew shall not ring to-night,"  
A heroine once shrieked high;  
"Bonnet shall not be worn to-night,"  
Four hundred heroines cry:  
Boldly to the theater  
See them march without a fear,  
Headless of the thoughtless leer—  
Bonnet shall not be worn!

In four hundred parrot chairs  
See them sit and smile;  
Other women put on airs  
Flourishing down the aisle;  
Not so Sororists, who  
Dare-head sit the drama through.  
Bonnetless, yea, hatless, too!  
Dauntless heroines!

Bonnet to the right of them  
Waved and nodded fair,  
Gorgeous hats in front of them  
Towered in the air!  
Thoughtful of the man whose seat  
Back of them, bare-head, as meet is,  
See them braving tonitis!  
Dauntless Sororists!

The exile to the Island of that prominent New Yorker, Mr. Charles Edward Miller, whose friends "kid" him with a well-known nickname, need not cast a gloom over the entire community. But it may remove a lion from the path of some of the Centennial visitors.

One of the oldest of the famous "short poems" is:  
Trusted—  
Busted!

So few Trusts have met with this fate, however, that the collapse of the Copper ring is at all events evidence that it is possible for a Trust to "bust."

"Tonitis" is not the name of a new play, George, but it is epidemic to some extent among theatrical people, and it will not be surprising if a drama of the day is made out of it, with a rattling good sourette part and a razzle-dazzle song in it.

Sorosis and her sister clubs haven't painted the town red exactly. They've eaten "a scarlet breakfast" with Mr. William Tod Helms. By the way, what is a scarlet breakfast? Is it any kin to a green tea?

It is not exactly feasible to hunt buffaloes along the raging Harlem, however ambitious the visiting Britisher is to indulge in that noble sport. But the furor and abandon with which a mad dog was hunted through Perry street yesterday would have pleased the most ardent lover of big game.

## WORLDINGS.

George Bancroft, the historian, does all his literary work before 9 o'clock in the morning. He seldom writes more than 300 words a day.

"Uncle" Alfred Evans, a negro living in Clark County, Ind., is sixty-four years old and is the father of thirty-six children. He has been married four times.

Blackbird oil is almost as expensive a product as saffron. It sells usually for \$80 a gallon, or about \$5 a pound. A great deal of it is manufactured in Connecticut.

B. H. Park, of Upper Mystic, Conn., is the champion wood-chopper of the State. For a wage of \$5 he recently felled, cut and split into marketable wood four cords of chestnut wood within six hours and five minutes—an average of a cord in an hour and a half.

## THAT BRACELET OF 25 DIAMONDS.

Mrs. Henry Villard Makes an Offer Through Tiffany for Its Return.

\$250 REWARD will be paid for the recovery of a diamond bracelet, composed of 25 diamonds, in festive and ornate setting, last seen at the Madison and Madison ave. or in Union Square.

The bracelet thus advertised is the property of Mrs. Henry Villard, wife of the well-known railroad man, and was lost Thursday evening.

The Villards reside in the Tiffany flat, 7 East Seventy-second street. They left their home at an early hour in the evening and were going to attend a dinner party at the house of a friend in West Forty-seventh street.

The coachman made a mistake and stopped in front of a house in East Forty-seventh street. He was startled, and it was not until he had driven away that his mistake was discovered.

It was too late then to recall him, and the family were compelled to wait across town. After they returned home that night Mrs. Villard discovered her loss. At first she thought she had left the jewels in their basket. She looked for them, but without success. Then a search of the premises was made, but no trace of the missing gems could be found.

The jewels were notified of the loss and a description of the valuables was given to them, but they have not been able to locate the gems.

The bracelet was handsome and very valuable. It was composed of twenty-five perfect diamonds of remarkable brilliancy.

## Protection for Children.

(From the Graphic.)

The following letter from a respected patron of the Graphic has been received by the editor:

Sir: I hope that the Legislature will not pass any bill or amendment that will hurt or injure the Society for the Protection of Children. Its President, Mr. E. T. Gerry, is an upright gentleman, and everything is done according to law. There is no kidnapping of children—no, no. But thousands of poor children have been helped, assisted and taken from their parents and sent to places where they have been properly cared for. I trust the Legislature will take this into consideration. Such good humane work ought to be helped and encouraged. I am, sir, yours respectfully,

JOHN H. SMITH,  
134 East Thirty-first street, March 19.

Evidently the writer of this letter is unacquainted with the provisions of the law in reference to the custody of children which has been passed recently at Albany. Mr. Elbridge T. Gerry's work is in no way crippled or abridged by it. Under the present law, if a child by any method is once sent to an asylum its parents have no legal means by which to secure its restoration. A child may be lost on the streets, picked up as a vagrant, sent to public institution by a Police Justice, trusted there by its parents, and yet cannot by law be restored to their arms. The amendment to the law in respect to such cases is imperative. Mr. Gerry's labors in preventing cruelty to children are fully appreciated by the public. He has been liberally encouraged in every good work, both by the press and the people. The measure proposed at Albany is one that is in the interest of justice and humanity, and is no widely indorsed by parents that it cannot fail to become law.

## Amateur Baseball Notes.

Two young men wish to join a club between the ages of sixteen and seventeen years, right and left field. C. A. Rivers, 423 Fifth avenue, New York.

Murphy and Stapleton, the \$200,000 battery for the Yankees, have returned from Hot Springs.

The Pacific Athletic Club ball team have organized. For dates, address W. Severance at the Club.

## More Than the Doctors Could Do.

Dr. Moore, W. B. Riker & Son.

PLEASE NOTE: I have been suffering for over six months with very severe pain about the chest and stomach. I write to say that your RIKER'S COMPOUND Sarsaparilla has entirely cured me (which was more than seven physicians could do) and that I now enjoy better health than ever before. Every one should take your medicine for pains and aches of the body. Respectfully yours,

JOHN E. RIVERA,  
430 East 64th st., N. Y.

## THE FUNNY MEN'S CORNER.

MORSELS OF MIRTH GATHERED BY THE WAYSIDE OF FUN.

Evening Up on His Dad.  
(From Judge.)

Mr. McSwigger, sr.—I've got to put a stop to these constant demands of yours. Why don't you go and earn your money?

Mr. McSwigger, jr.—That's the trouble, governor. I have turned it. Blew in my last hundred yesterday on a race-up I promised the Larchmont Club.

An Easy Language.  
(From Face.)

Mr. Winks (reading)—Prof. Davidson says that the English language is easier to acquire than any other language spoken.

Mrs. Winks—Of course it is. Even our baby is learning it.

Reasons for Marrying.  
(From Pigeons Blatter.)

"So, in spite of all your previous resolutions, you are going to marry?" "Only out of revenge. My best friend has just married, and did not invite me to the wedding. I will be revenged."

An Even Thing.  
(From the Boston Globe.)

Irate Father—Young man, I am amazed, astounded, sir, that you should seek to marry my daughter on so short an acquaintance. You are almost a stranger to her.

The Young Man—Well, she don't take any more chances than I do. She's almost a stranger to me, too.

Where He Missed It.  
(From the Burlington Free Press.)

Bloodgood—Excuse my swearing, but I want to kick myself for not getting a college education.

Chokehand—Why so?

Bloodgood—Miss Sweetly asked me last night what occupation meant, and I had to give it up. That's the luck!

His Present.  
(From the New York Herald.)

A Sweet Girl—Mother, George told me solemnly that that pretty hair-pin holder he gave me cost \$25; yet to-day I saw exactly the same kind on sale for 10 cents. Mother—You know, my dear, that's not so. George told me that he bought that at a church fair.

An Opportunity Lost.  
(From the Boston Globe.)

"I say," said Lerkey to his wife yesterday at dinner, "you didn't say anything to any one about what I was telling you the night before last, did you?" "What?" "A secret?" "Well, no, I never thought of it since. I didn't know it was a secret."

Fashions Change.  
(From the New York Herald.)

Mr. De Style—Why, my dear, I'm glad to see you so composed. When I left this morning you were weeping and wailing and tearing your hair because Fido was sick.

Mrs. De Style—Well, you see, just after you left, Mrs. Tipton came in and told me that Fido's breed was going out of fashion. So I dried my tears and kicked him out.

An Anchored Boarder.  
(From the New York Herald.)

Winks—How often do you change your board-house now, Jinks?

Jinks—I never change at all.

Winks—You don't. Perfectly comfortable, eh?

Jinks—No, I'm mighty uncomfortable; but I've changed often enough to know I never gain anything by changing.

Progress in Philadelphia.  
(From the St. Paul Pioneer Press.)

A new Philadelphia idea is alphabetic ice cream, served in small, differently colored blocks, on each side of which is stamped one of the letters from A to Z. It is well known that Philadelphia is a city of alphabets, but it was supposed she had progressed far enough to have straggled out from under such kindergarten classics.

Literally True.  
(From the Burlington Free Press.)

He—I tell you, the Ponsenbys have got a fly house.

She—Oh, dear! I thought you said you wouldn't use slang any more in my presence, Algonquin?

He—And I'm not. It is a fly house. There are two wings on it.

What Our Artist Has to Put Up With.  
(From Punch.)

He—By Jove, it's the best thing I've ever painted—and I'll tell you what: I've a good reason to give it to Mary Morison for her wedding present!

His Wife—Oh, but my love, the Morisons have always been so hospitable to me. You ought to give her a real present, you know—a fan, or a scent-bottle, or something of that sort!

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## NOW IT IS A TOOTH TRUST.

THE DENTISTS' UNION WARRING WITH THE TOOTH CROWNERS.

The Latter Have Formed a Syndicate to Buy All Dental Inventions—They Propose to Levy a Royalty on All Patents in Use—The Dentists Will Fight the Trust in the Courts.

Nearly 20,000 dentists in the United States fill in their time pulling teeth. Natural teeth are so aggravatingly common, from a professional point of view, that the dentists have a hard struggle to get along, but they manage to pull through. They may be said to be very industrious gentlemen, for it is certainly hard work to pull a double tooth.

Every one will recall that these excellent gentlemen have a national trade union, "The Dentists' Protective Association of the United States," which is doing much for the advancement of artificial teeth.

They are being thwarted and harassed by an "International Tooth Crown Company," and the feeling between the "tooth extractors" and the "tooth crowners" is bitter and intense.

It may be well to explain what a tooth crown company is. It is a company which takes a contract to build a fragment of artificial tooth on a remnant of natural tooth.

It grafts aluminum on bone. It produces a tooth which is neither natural nor artificial, but composite—half an immigrant and half an old settler.

Where a man once had a tooth and now has a snag, the Company go to work with a saw, chisel and mallet, and build this painful "incisor" or "grinder" into a big, white, shining tooth.

Now, the singular thing about it is, that the members of the Tooth-Crown Company are not dentists, but simply speculators in teeth. It is said that once they were stockholders in a dental vulcanite company, making "plates" for teeth, pretty much the same way that cheap printing-houses make "plates" for country newspapers.

It is claimed that they have organized a "Tooth Trust" and will soon control the digestion of the country. They buy up, it is said, every new invention in the country in respect to teeth and farm it out to the dentists.

The Western dentists have a Wild West respect for their rights, and they met a few months ago in Chicago and founded the great association whose ranks are now filled with almost all the members of their important and useful profession.

The great Association now proposes to take the Tooth Trust into court and put it on the witness stand and ask it if its patents are valid. Many of the alleged dentists who supposed to be the inventors of dentists who had no mercenary motive and gave their discoveries to the professional brethren for the benefit of their art and of the public.

In a circular which was recently distributed among the members of the Association, attention was called to the fact that many of the patents claimed by the Syndicate were "chests" so to speak, and that many a gray-haired practitioner who had been using a certain kind of machine or instrument for years would now be compelled to pay a royalty for its use to the monopolizing "tooth-crowners."

The tooth syndicate are said to have pooled a million dollars and a gang of lawyers for fighting the respectable dentists who tried to pull the teeth of the tooth syndicate without pain.

The tooth of time will not soon efface the memory of the dentists' fight towards the Tooth-Crown Company referred to.

GET YOUR EASTER BONNET READY.

You Will Find One to Suit You Among R. H. Macy & Co.'s Spring Goods.

R. H. Macy & Co., of Fourteenth street and Sixth avenue, opened an exhibition of their Spring novelties last Monday. So beautiful and useful are the goods there displayed that the colossal store is one of the most attractive at present in the city. The silk department has been especially well furnished, special attention having been given to black silks, of which the weavers are falling far behind, and satin, which is also in great demand. A lovely black, royal silk, with rich, broad water stripes, is being offered at a price considerably lower than that usually asked.

Black Chinese and Japanese silks are also greatly in requisition. This branch is complete in all its details. The colored silks, which are of great beauty, comprise those from India, China, Lyons, Switzerland and those of home manufacture. There are both plain and figured, and one kind in particular, the twenty-two-inch round cord rich fallie fraise, merits special mention.

The millinery department has been enriched with hats and millinery of the latest Parisian fashions, which form an extremely brilliant display. This department vies in its variety of form, and in its originality with that of any in Paris. The firm has also given special attention to the line of children's dress and school hats. These are both rich and beautiful, and an exquisite parade of hand-embroidered silk, but instead of the lace hanging from the border it is trimmed upon the sides with a wide ribbon, and a charm, and promises to be wonderfully successful.

Ladies who wish for well-made cloaks and jackets should not omit to visit this department. The cloaks are unique in taste and modeling and the jackets call for special mention. Mention, too, must be made of the bewitching silk house waists and chemises.

AFTER TOM COSTIGAN'S PLACE.

John F. Carroll, a Candidate for Supervisor of the "City Record."

John F. Carroll, Clerk of the Seventh District Civil Court, (Justice Monell's), is a candidate for the position of Supervisor of the City Record, now held by the ponderous Thomas Costigan, but which will be vacated about May 1, when the composition of the Board of City Record will be changed by the appointment of a Tammany Corporation Counsel and a Tammany Commissioner of Public Works.

Carroll's claims to the position are supported by Sheriff Frank J. McGee and others high in the councils of Tammany, and his chances of success are considered very fair.

Walt Whitman's Poetry.  
(From the Chicago Herald.)

Mrs. Jones (to Jones, who is reading in an audible voice)—What are you reading there?

Jones (who is in the agricultural implement line)—It is our latest trade catalogue.

N. Hood's Sarsaparilla cured me of blood poison, gave me a noble appetite, overcame headache and dyspepsia, so that now I am able to work again. LUTHER NABON, 63 Church st., Lowell, Mass.

N. B. Be sure to get only

Some Other Eve.  
(From the Washington Critic.)

We have received several communications from leading citizens asking the "Kicker" to "go" for Judge of Probate Smith, who has been too befuddled with bad whiskey for the last month to attend to business. There is no doubt that the Judge ought to be "kicked" and sent to jail, but we can't do it just now. We are his creditor for about \$20, and if we opened on him he'd tell us to wait for our loan. As soon as we get our money back we propose to make the Judge pay, not only in the case of the Judge himself, but from the cost of his brother Bill, who is also daily steeped in liquor, and rendering him a public nuisance. Have patience, gentlemen.

Washington Follows Suit.  
(From the Washington Critic.)

The New York EVENING WORLD recently offered a prize for the best collection of original conundrums to be sent in within a given time. The result was most interesting. The Critic has been inclined to try the same experiment in Washington.

A \$50.00 GOLD WATCH FOR ONLY ONE DOLLAR

per week on the installment plan. The cases in this elegant watch are warranted for 21 years. The movement full (15 jewels). Only a small cash payment at first; balance can be paid in installments of \$1 per week. As we sell more watches in one month than most retail stores do in one year we can offer this watch for \$58.00. We also sell a Lady's Gold Watch for \$35.00 on the same plan. Remember, we deliver the watch with your first payment. This is much better than waiting ten months for a watch.

Please call and examine these watches, or if you wish to order one, address one of our agents who will call at your house at any hour you desire with samples of several styles of watches and chains. A deposit of \$5.00 will secure the watch. Address: THE NEW YORK WATCH CO., Room 14, 100 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Gold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 DROPS ONE DOLLAR

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## COVETED BY A SALT TRUST.

THE NEW YORK MARKET THREATENED BY MICHIGAN CAPITALISTS.

If the Scheme Succeeds the Price Will Be Run Up More Than \$2 a Ton—The Shutting Down of Many Works Contemplated—New York Salt Dealers Say They Can Resist the Combine.

The New York salt dealers look with distrust on a Salt Syndicate that has started out to control the salt market here and in other parts of the country.

News comes from Detroit that a Salt Trust is now in process of incubation whose first object is to control Michigan's annual production of 5,000,000 barrels, and then practically corner the market by dominating New York.

The salt manufactured in Michigan and New York during the last two years has been put on the market at about the rates that English salt has been sold in Liverpool.